

The Black Thumb

He lived alone. Had a kitten but it died. Got a puppy from the pound but it ran off yelping.

One day he made a little garden out in back of his rooming house and planted a few seeds. They never came up.

A little later he bought a potted plant and put it on top of the t.v. The next morning even the dirt was gone.

On Saturday he went out to the park, laid on his back and thought things over. When he got up all the grass was yellow where he'd been lying like a rock or something had been there for months.

And you know that big tree out in Calif. that's so famous and the cars can drive through and all?

Well, that whole area is roped off and troops are all over the place with orders to shoot to kill.

Late

It is the kind of night when I would welcome the things I am usually most afraid of:

"Over here, Slasher." You know where the jugular is, don't you? Good, then let's get down to business.

Up here, Maniac Shotgun Killer. I've got a big bull's-eye painted on my chest. Let's see some fancy shooting.

Oh, Strangler, I'm down here. And don't even bother with the stories about the leaky toilet or the bum furnace. Just get a good grip, okay?"

It is that kind of night. The windows are open, locks sprung, doors swinging wide in the wind.

Come and get me, whatever you are. But hurry up, please. Every second counts.